

Lone Wolf: Last Stand
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Summary: Even in her very recognizable last breaths, Six laughed in the face of death even as it stared down at her.

Lone Wolf: Last Stand

Six made a tight fist around the dogtags in her right hand. She'd plucked them from around Emile's neck after making her way down the cliffside and back onto even ground. As she stood, Spartan B312 looked out at the expanse of dirt and rock before her. Gentle hills and thick clouds of dust were the basics of what she could make out, and Six supposed that was all she truly needed.

After a moment of little more than breathing and sparse thoughts, Six heard the engines of numerous drop ships approaching. That meant they knew she was still alive, and that they sought revenge for their comrades felled from the sky by the MAC gun she had operated only minutes ago.

A tight smile somehow made its way onto her face. She may have been severely outnumbered, but Six refused to go down without a fight. In a twist of fate, she was a lone wolf all over again. The entire Noble Team may have been gone, but she was still there. She would fight tooth and nail for all that she was worth. She would resort to ripping off her gloves and clawing their throats open if she had to.

A large amount of the alien Covenant was dropped to the ground, and Noble Six readied her DMR rifle. All she had other than that was a pistol, and after that she would have her knife and her body. Six raised her DMR and fired twice, killing an elite minor who'd been particularly close. She took out a few grunts with single shots to the head, and then a hunter and another elite.

Several rounds later, the brave Noble Six dropped her DMR rifle. It had run out of ammo. She pulled the pistol from its proper holster and gunned down a few more grunts, hunters, and various elites. The

pistol was batted away when a zealot barreled into her, knocking her to the ground.

With a loud roar, the zealot prepared to strike, but was denied the chance when Six's kukri dug itself into his head. With a strained grunt, she pushed the heavy zealot off of her person and retrieved her blade after quickly standing. She threw the kukri into the skull of another zealot, but was thrown off balance when yet another shoved his elbow into her spine.

Six hissed in pain as her shields flickered off and the zealot stabbed into the flesh of her back with his energy sword before they'd had a chance to flare back up. As he removed the energy sword jerkily from her flesh, she felt as every muscle and nerve burned in agony. Six ignored it and turned, punching the zealot in the face before snapping his neck and removing the energy sword from his person.

With a slight twinge of anger, regret, and annoyance, she realized that there was a significant crack on the visor of her helmet. Noble Six grit her teeth together and slowly ground out in her soprano voice,

"_That_ was for Jorge."

With a vengeful growl, Six plunged the liberated energy sword into the chest of an elite of some sort.

"For Kat."

Six barely noticed as a plasma needle buried itself into her visor, burning at the flesh above her left eye with a sizzle. She yanked it out of there, ignoring the burning sensation she received through her heavy gloves, which left a sizable, sunbursting hole.

The plasma needle broke in her grip, releasing liquid plasma into her palm. She threw the pieces to the ground and shook her hand a little, but otherwise ignored the pain. Six plunged the energy sword into a grunt's head, and into another's and another's.

"For Carter!" Six bellowed.

Another burning pain sliced through her abdomen as a zealot's energy sword broke through her half-recharged shields. Looking down, her eyes met the very tip of the glowing sword just before it was yanked away. With a slight gurgle, Six spilled her own blood on the inside of her visor.

Noble Six ripped off her helmet with a slight protesting sound of metal and threw it to the ground, ignoring her armor suit's malfunctioning signals. She spun and sliced into the throat of the offending zealot with the flickering energy sword she held.

"For Jun and Emile!" Six cried, her soprano voice slightly straining.

Spartan B312 picked up an assault rifle from the ground and held it in one hand. She unleashed the gun's fury on a few grunts and hunters before yet another zealot came and relieved her of it, stepping away and throwing it just past her discarded helmet.

Another zealot and a field marshal stepped up to Six. The zealot shoved her to the ground, ignoring her strangled cries of protest, and the field marshal stepped in and began the painful process of relieving Noble Six of her life.

As she stared fearlessly up into the cruel, alien face, Six felt an inexplicable grin creeping upon her lips. She then began laughing weakly. Even in her very recognizable last breaths, Six laughed in the face of death even as it stared down at her.

Who knew that death could look so surprised?

End
file.